becoming comprehensible. As a child frightened in the dark longs to be assured that a threatening shape is no more than a familiar wardrobe, so did they long to be assured that what threatened their security and habitual ways was unremarkable.

Surely, instructed by Sir James Jeans about the universe, by Professor Hogben fed with mathematics, economics no mystery, the unconscious mind their oyster, taboos not taboo to them—surely, thus informed, they need fear no evil.

Particularly was there a yearning to be informed about the tumultuous events taking place in the world. An understanding of stars and Relativity Theory, though serviceable, might wait; but an understanding of the dangers which beset Prague, Bucharest's intentions and how the Quai d'Orsay's mind was working, brooked no delay. He or she who could elucidate these mysteries, was a saviour indeed. In lifts herded, dropped from upper to nether regions, a glimpse was caught on a poster of Mr. Vernon Bartlett, telephone before him, map outspread behind him, calm and sagacious. He knew; and in the *News Chronicle,* costing only a penny, his knowledge was available.

Madame Tabouis, another light shining in darkness, had her say daily, what she said recorded, quoted from, made the subject of editorial comment—Madame Tabouis writes ... French opinion takes the view that . . . France is resolute in its determination to . . . Tabouis *une et indivisible.*

Inside stories were in great demand; news behind the news was received with relish. The American Magazine *Time,* which specialised in intimate details of persons and

happenings, soon produced a London progeny; private sheets and news-letters multiplied, some cyclostyled and some printed. What Fleet Street knew and was prevented from disclosing, the *Week* disclosed; Commander King-Hall had sources of information not available to others, and fruitfully tapped them. Journalists, once famous for writing more than they knew, now acquired a reputation for knowing more than they wrote. Their dark secrets became their chief stock-in-trade, a nod and a wink more profitable than an editorial flourish. By getting inside Mr. John